

# HORSES' HOOF'S END CHILDISH DISPUTE AND GIRL MAY DIE

Gussie and Emma With Two  
Cent Candy Feast For-  
got Crossing.

RUSHED INTO DANGER.

Trying to Avoid Team Gussie  
Falls and Is Probably  
Fatally Hurt.

Little Gussie Singer, nine years old, of No. 524 Brook avenue, the Bronx, and her playmate, Emma Bostick, nine years old, of No. 538 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth street, got two pennies from Gussie's mother this morning, and after some debating as to the best way of spending the wealth, they decided to go over to the candy store on the opposite corner and get two of those big candy apples that come on sticks and that you can suck for almost an hour before they get so small that you look at them regretfully and slip them under your tongue for a last delicious taste of sweetness.

They bought the candy all right and then started for home. But on the way, as they trudged along, solemnly sucking away the sticky goodness, a dispute arose as to the relative size of each.

White and frightened, Emma told afterward how it had all happened and how, in consequence of the dispute, they had approached the crossing at One Hundred and Forty-eighth street without the caution that is second nature to children of the crowded streets.

"You're tickin' faster'n I am," protested Emma to Gussie.

"I got to," retorted Gussie, complacently. "My apple's bigger'n yours, an' I got to lick faster to keep up with you."

"Tim'n bigger," replied Emma, indignantly.

"Tis," answered Gussie, with the imperturbable satisfaction that such a dispute always creates.

"Tian't," reiterated Emma.

"Tis," came back monotonously.

DID NOT HEAR THE POUND OF HORSE'S HOOF'S.

They had passed the gutter so occupied in their discussion that the pounding of horse's hoofs up the street had not struck their ears. In their excitement over the subject at issue they even passed in the middle of the roadway to decide it by comparison.

"I don't care," Emma was saying. "My apple's sweeter."

A man's voice yelled to them, and they looked up in sudden terror. A few feet away a huge delivery truck was swinging toward them behind a galloping team of horses, and try as he might the driver seemed unable to bring his charges to a halt. He yelled again, but it only served to bewilder the children more than ever. They started to continue across to the opposite curb, paused again, hesitated, and went back right under the noses of the galloping team.

Emma screamed and ran ahead, pulling Gussie after her by the hand, and contrived to get herself clear. But one of the horse's hoofs struck Gussie, and knocked her down, and the front wheel of the wagon went over her.

CHILDREN BEWILDERED  
RUSHED INTO DANGER.

A few feet farther on, the driver, James Erwin of No. 532 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth street, who was employed by the Shaw Delivery Company of No. 360 East One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, managed to pull his horses to a halt, and climbed down from his box. James Atkinson of No. 531 First avenue, had already picked Gussie up and carried her into a drug store.

In the meantime, a crowd had gathered and it made some threatening moves toward the driver, but as there were many people there to testify that he had done his best to avoid the children and that it was their own bewilderment that had trapped them, he was not molested.

The mother of Gussie heard of the accident almost as soon as it happened, and fought her way into the drugstore. She refused to let the ambulance surgeon take Gussie to the hospital, unless she was taken too. At the Lincoln Hospital they said afterward that Gussie had very little chance of getting well.

BALTIMORE COUPLE FREED,  
SLEUTHS REARREST THEM.

Court Finds No Evidence Young  
Wife or John Had Taken  
Schudel's Money.

Mrs. Edith Schudel and Frank John of Baltimore, who arrived here last Friday and who were arrested at Hoboken on a charge of taking \$1,000 belonging to Max Schudel, the woman's husband, were released today by Circuit Judge Carey at Jersey City on the ground that there was no evidence before the court to show that anybody had taken Schudel's money.

Immediately after the release of the couple, Detectives Bradley and Quirk of Baltimore, who had gone to Jersey City to take them back, swore out a new charge of conspiring to rob Schudel and the two were rearrested.

Mrs. Schudel formerly was John's housekeeper. On July 15 she married Schudel, who is fifty years old. She is twenty-four. On July 15 he went with her to the bank and had his account placed in her name. On July 19, it is charged, she drew \$1,000 and fled with John. The couple had with them a three-year-old boy. John said the child was his.

They were arrested Tuesday as they were about to board the Nordram at Hoboken. When asked why the left hand husband Mrs. Schudel said, "He paid like a pig."

System known as \$98 a dance

## ANALYSIS OF THE NEW YORK JOHNNY 'Mashers' Who Are 'Pikers,' Corner Loafers Who Are Not the Bona Fide Johnnies

"Last Winter I Attended Fifteen Dances and Did  
Not Take the Same Girl to Any Two of Them,"  
Writes J. P. N., "and Yet Girls Think Men  
Are Fickle and Looking for Novelty"  
—Defense of the Lounger by  
One of Them.



"THE AVERAGE MAN CAN'T  
ATTEND MORE THAN  
FIVE DANCES A WINTER  
AND EAT REGULARLY"



BY NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

Here is real news for the "Discouraged Girls." Today a young man declares to the readers of The Evening World that he does not take out the same young lady twice—

not because she has proved disappointing to his expectations, but because he does not wish to encourage her! He can't afford to marry, he says, but he can and does afford a pleasant evening with a nice girl—only it must always be a different girl so as not to arouse false hopes!

Let us examine the letter and the budget of expenditure supplied by this candid Johnny:

Dear Madam: Just a word to you going to defend or condemn my sex, as I have found them.

I am a young "man" (do not wear Norfolk jackets) about twenty-five years of age and am earning sufficient to support myself comfortably and to show the girls a good time occasionally. My income is not large enough, however, to support a wife in the manner I wish my wife to live, and I realize what it means to ask a girl to marry me and have to scrape and save on every small item. For this reason I prefer to remain single until such time when I can feel assured that the girl I marry will be having everything as good as before she married me. With this upmost in my mind, you see it is impossible for me to pay too much attention to one girl, for her own good. An honorable young man who is placed in my position cannot devote all his time to one girl, and for that reason this same girl, who will not look deeper than the surface, thinks that men are fickle and looking for novelty. Now on the other hand, these same girls are looking for pleasure at all times. If you call and take them out you win favor (for one evening). Call the next time just for a chat (you're a piker). Of course a girl will not tell you that she considers you a piker, but actions speak louder than words. Last winter I attended fifteen dances and did not take the same girl to any two of them. For the benefit of those girls who never figure cost, let me state that the average young man cannot attend many more than fifteen dances a winter and eat regularly. If you can't see how I figure that out, let me show you.

Tickets for a dance.....\$5.00  
Taxi (all girls say they can't travel any other way).....5.00  
Supper (without wine, these are nice girls).....5.00  
Tips.....2.00  
Total.....\$17.00

Oh, I beg your pardon, the most important item was forgotten, flowers, \$2.00, that brings it up to \$19, and girls, I've been quoting the very lowest prices. Most times it reaches \$25. Now, as I said before, I did this fifteen times last winter and hope to do it thirty times next winter, but girls, have a heart—be reasonable. Sometimes we don't come to see you because we know we are not welcome when we are "strapped."

J. P. N.

System known as \$98 a dance

word for it. Here is a cheerful letter from a young man:

Dear Madam: Of course there are bad men in New York just as there are bad women, but why should we who are of an entirely different class bother about them? I'll admit that it's hard for a decent girl to keep from being spoken to by the ungentlemanly oafs and muckers who throng our streets. Why, then, does she dress in a petticoated, suggestive costume, consisting of hobble skirt and low-necked shirtwaist? Why does she slip on paint and powder to the detriment of her own pretty face and complexion in an effort to appear still more beautiful? It doesn't appeal to us who call ourselves gentlemen! You can rely upon that!

A Western friend of mine walking in New York took one look at some of the over-dressed maidens of our city and remarked to me, "These girls don't leave anything to the imagination, do they?" That's the trouble! I am over twenty-two and was born and raised here. I can give my word that I have never "picked up" a girl on the street, nor allowed any one else to do it for me. Yet I have many girl friends—the best in the

world—unaffected, friendly, unspoiled, not bold or fast, but the kind every nice fellow should be glad to ask to be his wife.

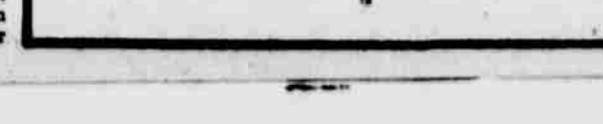
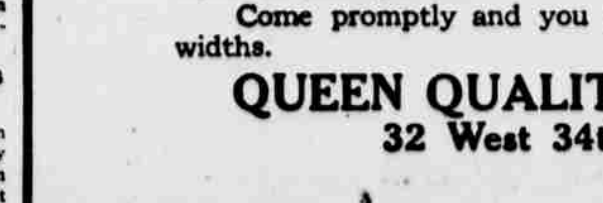
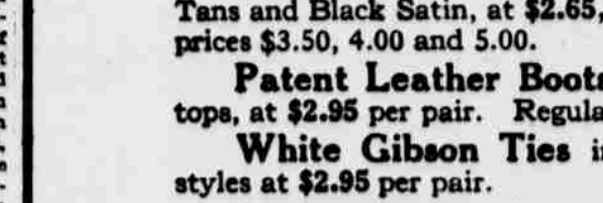
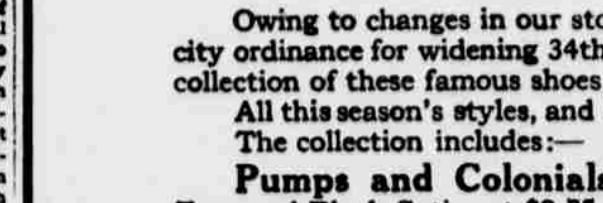
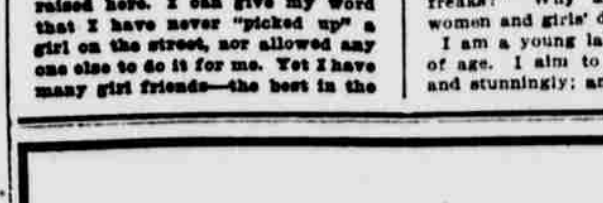
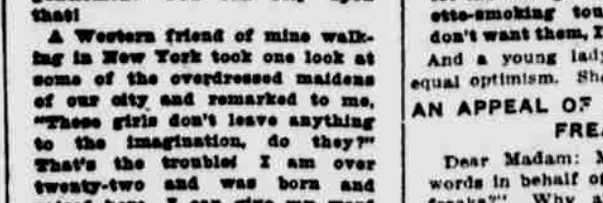
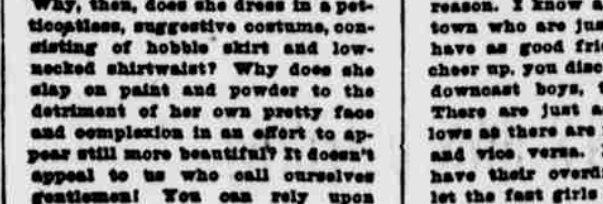
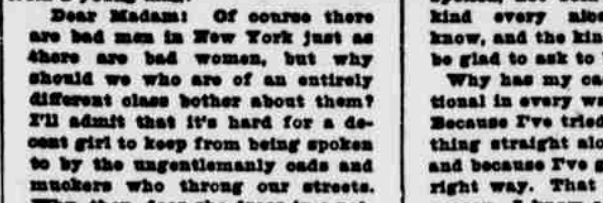
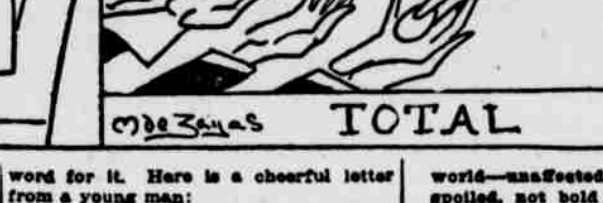
Why has my case been so exceptional in every way, if it has been? Because I've tried to do the decent thing straight along by my friends and because I've gotten them in the right way. That seems to me the reason. I know a dozen fellows in town who are just as friendly and have as good friends as I do. So cheer up, you discouraged girls and you downcast boys, there's hope yet! There are just as many nice fellows as there are nice girls in town and vice versa. Let the Johnnies have their over-dressed dolls, and let the fast girls have their cigarette-smoking tough fellows. We don't want them, I'm sure. J. M.

And a young lady sends a letter of equal optimism. She says:

Dear Madam: May I say a few words in behalf of us poor so-called "freaks"? Why all the fuss about women and girls' dress?

I am a young lady, nineteen years of age. I aim to dress attractively and stunningly; am fairly good-looking

### COST OF ONE EVENING



## FAMILY AT ODDS OVER MYSTERY OF MISSING GIRL

Uncle and a Sister of Dorcas  
Snodgrass Believe She Went  
With Doctor.

ONE SISTER DENIES IT.

Detective Comes to New York  
to Run Down Latest Clue  
in the Case.

Mrs. John L. Crider, sister of the missing Dorcas Snodgrass, at her home in Mount Vernon indignantly denied today the report from Martinsburg, W. Va., that the young woman had been engaged to Dr. Norman Smith, house surgeon at Mount Vernon Hospital, and had probably gone to Europe. The story telegraphed from Martinsburg was based on statements said to have been made by an uncle and a sister of the missing girl, so it would appear there is a difference of family opinion as to the reasons for her disappearance.

"It is preposterous and absurd," said Mrs. Crider, when shown the report that the uncle and sister had expressed the belief that Miss Snodgrass was with the doctor, who sailed for Finland. "Nothing, to my mind, could be further from the truth. Dorcas knew Dr. Smith only as a physician in the hospital. She never met him outside the hospital or I would have heard of it. She was really in love with F. Edgar Schmidt, whom she was to marry after a year in California. Dorcas had spoken of Dr. Smith laughingly and in that way his name was first brought to my attention. I do not think there is a chance in the world that she could have fallen in love with him. The only reason I can give for the family at home saying she was engaged to the doctor is the similarity in the names of her fiancé and the surgeon."

STORY THAT COMES FROM  
GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Down in the Snodgrass home at Martinsburg members of the family base their belief that Dorcas sailed with Dr. Smith on the President Lincoln on the fact that the surgeon left on July 15, the day following the disappearance of the nurse. Virginia Snodgrass, another sister of the missing girl, left Mount Vernon and went to Martinsburg a week ago last Monday. She is quoted as declaring Dorcas was in love with the doctor, and did not care for her fiancé Schmidt.

"How else could she have been satis-

ing and pretty sensible (modesty forbids me saying more). I use powder constantly, and, although that is as far as my make-up extends, I admire a girl who can do up well enough to escape detection."

It appears to me that the young man of to-day is very narrow-minded. He knows as well as I do that he only wants to be seen with an attractive looking girl, and that that is the kind he eventually marries.

Now, young man, why don't you come out and defend her? Why pretend that you only want the attractive girl for a good time when you know you want one like that for a wife, too?

You men are almost all rotten to the core who stand on corners flirting with girls who pass by and have other things in view without designing you a look. Girls, speak up! Don't always be the weaker sex. JUST AN ORDINARY GIRL.

SECOND PIER GEM THEFT.  
NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 22.—In the villa colony at Narragansett there is again general alarm over another bold robbery which closely follows that of the villa of Mr. Charles Stinickson, last week, when \$12,000 worth of jewels were stolen from the rooms in the second story while eighteen guests were gathered at a supper party in the dining room below.

The second robbery occurred at the beautiful villa, Dunmore, the show place of the Pier, owned by Mrs. Robert G. Dun and occupied this season by W. W. Wilcock and family of Newbury, Pa.

Mrs. Wilcock said to-day that jewels to the amount of \$1,000 had been stolen and that no trace had been found of the robbers.

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fied to go to California for a whole year leaving him behind." Virginia Snodgrass is quoted as saying.

This is answered by the young electrician to whom she was engaged. "We weren't going to be separated for a year at all," he said to-day. "She was going West with her sister and brother-in-law, John L. Crider, who is constructing a new railroad at Oakland, California. Dorcas was going to give up nursing and rest until winter when I would be ready to go after her, and the wedding was to take place at the Crider home. The separation was to be only four months, and we thought it best that she should live with her married sister rather than alone here."

NURSES AT HOSPITAL DIS-  
CREDIT THE REPORT.

The nurses at the Mount Vernon Hospital discredit the story from Martinsburg. Daisy Miller, the nurse with whom Miss Snodgrass roomed, says she never noticed any friendship between the doctor and the missing girl.

The coming of her brother, Elijah K. Snodgrass, and his offer of \$500 reward for information concerning her, has aroused interest in thousands who have pictures of her and are aiding in the search. Business men of Mount Vernon have posted descriptions of the nurse in their offices, and the members of Presbyterian Church she attended and where she met her fiancé have begun an extended hunt for her following prayers offered at the church last night for her safe return.

Leut. Detective Michael Silverstein of the Mount Vernon police has been conducting a painstaking investigation into the case since he was called in the day after she disappeared. He has searched through the hospitals and almshouses of New York City, and several cities in New Jersey without result. He is not inclined to place any weight in the story told by Phoebe Cummings, a maid in the employ of Mrs. G. E. Gibson, who said she is sure she saw Dorcas Snodgrass on Twenty-third street last Monday afternoon.

"I have received hundreds of communications from persons who claim to have seen her," said the detective, "but it is so easy to find young women dressed in the simple costume of tan linen skirt, white shirtwaist and sailor hat worn by Miss Snodgrass that I cannot see their value."

COMES TO NEW YORK ON  
ANOTHER CLUE.

Another detective in the city to-day on another clue which he says may help in solving the mystery.

At the office of the Hamburg American line it was found that Dr. Smith had sailed alone in the second cabin. There were no ladies aboard at the last minute, although when this happens the name is not known until the vessel arrives in Plymouth. The President Lincoln is due there Saturday.

Chief Foley of the Mount Vernon police has called the authorities in Plymouth to search the vessel.

Dr. Smith is known to have had little money, and as far as her sister can learn the missing girl had only \$12.

"The reward I have offered," said Dr. Smith, "will send amateur detectives looking for her. The amount is all I feel I can afford now, but if she had anywhere for ransom I will spend my last cent to free her. Something serious has surely happened to her or she would never keep us in anxiety like this."

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